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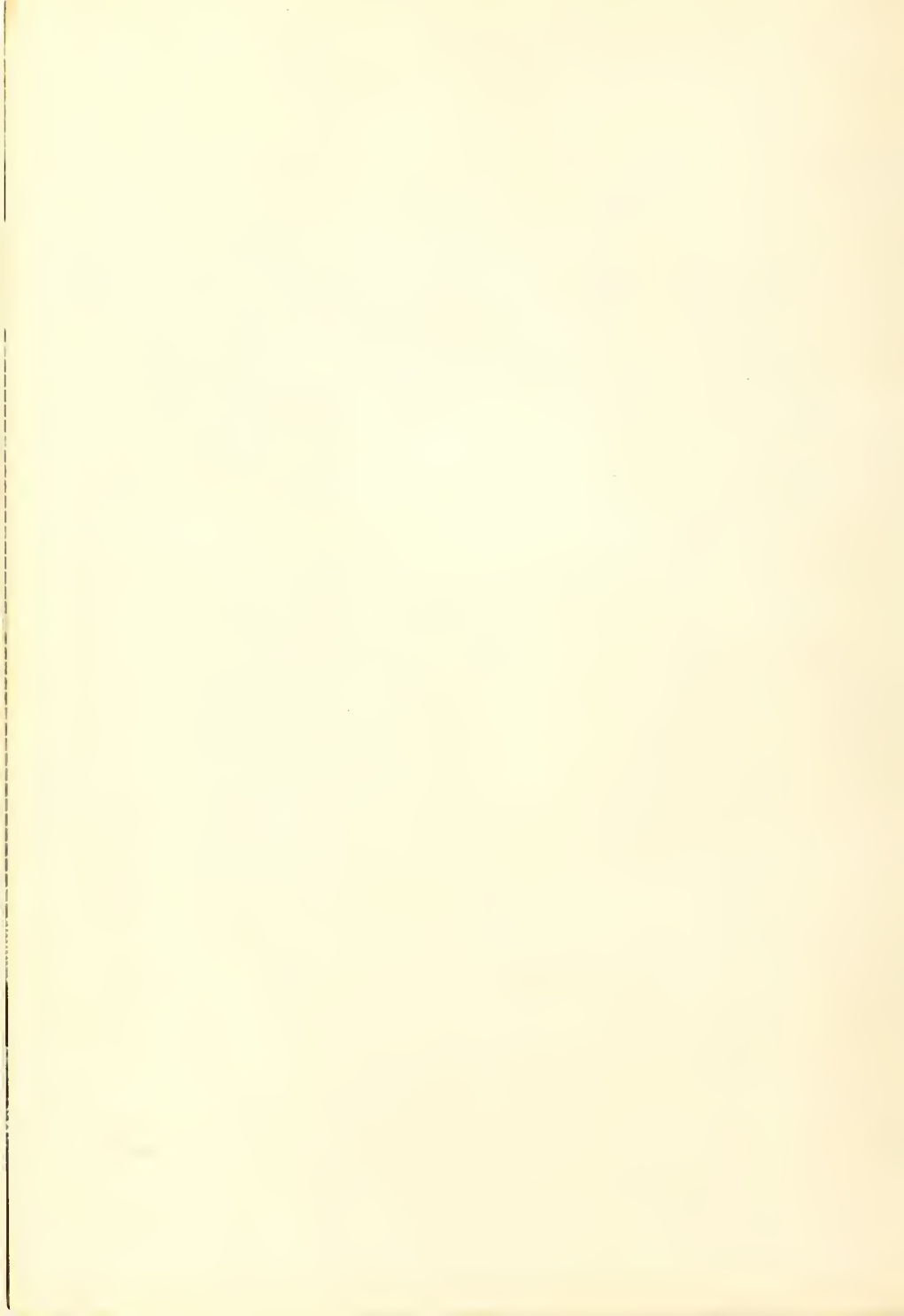
CANACIAN





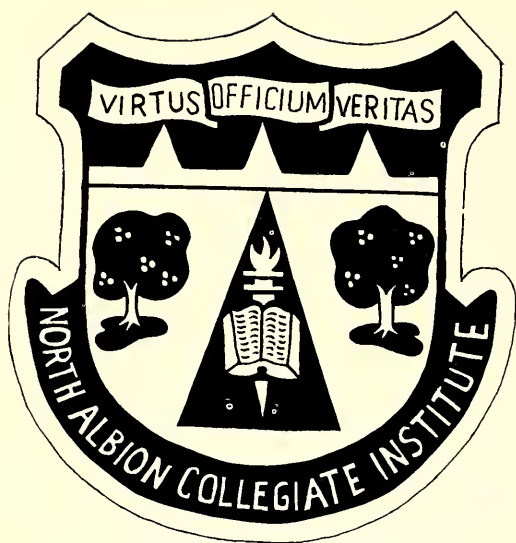






THE
CANACIAN

Cover design by
Miss Main



Sing North Albion's praises loudly
Shout them out for all to hear
Cheer our school and stand up proudly
Sing her praises loud and clear

CHORUS:

We'll remember North Albion forever
Its spirit will never never die
And we'll fight fight fight
For the orange, blue and white

For North Albion's greater glory
We shall stay steadfast and true
We will make our school's bright story
Brighter still in all we do

Victory after victory flowing
As we march into the fray
With our strength and knowledge growing
Watch North Albion lead the way.

Words by Mr. L. Smith
Music by Mr. K. Waldhauser



Mr. C. Sidney White



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Mrs. Jean A. Burkholder



Mr. William E. Sager

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

FOR THE

TOWNSHIP OF ETOBICOKE

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE



Mr. John D. Parker

To all who study, to all who learn, we recommend a consideration of excellence, of surpassing merit.

In learning all may excel.

Each may outdo his own past achievement. Each may surpass his own knowledge of yesterday. Each may excel in his own growth and development.

Excellence often connotes competition and measurement. Learning is too subtle to be caged within such narrow confines. Learning is not a stick to be measured nor is it a footrace to be won or lost. The only meaningful competition to pass or fail is self-imposed and fully within. Your standards are for you to set, your course can be plotted by you alone.

Each of us has the unique opportunity to excel at life. All may grow in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man.



Mr. George A. Kirk



Mr. Roy C. King



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Principal's Message

VIRUS

OFFICIUM

VERITAS

This has been a year of change for CaNAClans. Some excellent teachers are no longer with us; some promising replacements have taken over their responsibilities. Our enrolment has increased by 170 students. We have had our first addition since the school opened in 1962 and it includes two of the finest science laboratories in the township.

These changes are few in number compared with those that will take place in your future. Many persons find that change presents problems of adjustment. Such individuals like to arrange their lives in an orderly systematic pattern and are upset when there is any dislocation of their schedule. For these people, the words automation and cybernetics have an ominous, foreboding sound. They presage a range of economic, social, psychological and human problems which will be very difficult to solve. The quiet well-organized life may not be possible in the foreseeable future. We are in the midst of a social revolution which will likely produce a completely different type of society. Students should prepare themselves for the inevitable changes by becoming more flexible in their thinking and adaptable in their attitudes. The school programme can help by presenting an education which enables the students emotionally and intellectually to meet new situations and new challenges.

Sincerely,

G. M. Hull

High aims form high characters, and
great objectives bring out great minds.

Tryon Edwards, 1809-1894
American Theologian and Editor.

TOWNSHIP OF ETOBICOKE

1965-1966

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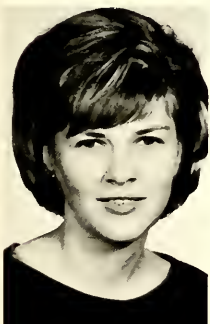
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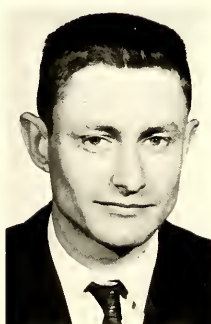
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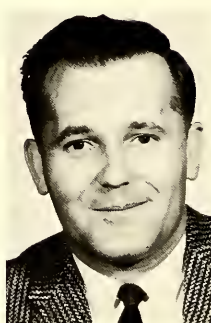
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Miss S. H. Israel

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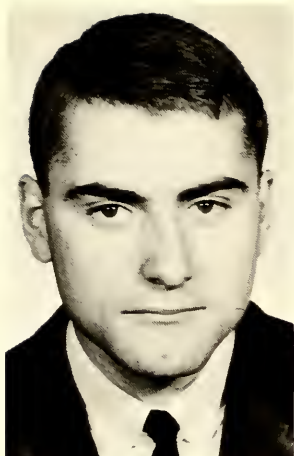
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Mrs. Sparrow, Mrs. Bee,
Mrs. Mowbray

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Mr. J. McIlvena, Mr. J. Lever, Mr. S. Robinson, Mr. W. Wildeboer, Mr. M. McDaniel.



From the President.....

The pages of this CaNAClan will be continuing reminders of the events at North Albion in 1965-66. For those of us in grade thirteen who expect not to be back next year, this edition will be of particular sentimental value. It will be a lasting memory of North Albion, the successes and the failures, the fun and the good times, and the hard times, we all had in this our final year in high school.

The 1965-66 CaNAClan will recall many things to many people. The grade nine students will remember the new lockers that they almost got. The grade ten students will begin to think of themselves as seniors, and will wonder why grade nine kids are getting smaller every year. Students in grades eleven and twelve will look back with satisfaction on the evidence of their rise into positions of leadership and responsibility in the school.

But most of all, students in all grades will remember that this was the year of the basketball. Our midget team finished the season as Etobicoke Champions. The junior team came within a few points of winning the Junior title, after losing only one game during regular season play and we will all remember that our senior almost made it to the semi-finals. The last few games of the season were perhaps the most exciting ever seen at North Albion. Many games were not decided until the last few seconds, or were forced into overtime. Our teams proved themselves equal to any in Etobicoke -- with one exception. Late in March, the senior team was rolled under by the North Albion teaching staff. I suspect, however, that the boys were still weak from writing the Easter Exams.

John Wyman
SRA President



and the Editor

This year our caNAClan Staff had quality instead of quantity. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the faithful four students who religiously turned out to the meetings, in order to produce the Fourth Annual CaNAClan. I would also like to express my appreciation to Mrs. Owens, our advertising staff adviser, who so patiently drove us from plaza to plaza; and to Mr. Bowen for his time and advice in laying out this book.

Last year the CaNAClan editorial staff decided to enlarge the yearbook and also make hard covers available to the students.

The successive editions of the CaNAClan give us, in a kind of serial form brief but accurate accounts of various school activities. It is the hope of the yearbook staff that you will use this book to refresh you old school day memories.

Our afterschool and weekend meetings proved to develop our knowledge not only in the manner in which a yearbook is set up, but also in political and religious areas.

For over half of the school it will be the last edition of the CaNAClan. By the time this book is published and distributed our Grads will be studying for "D-day", while the other students will be departing to Westhumber Collegiate. In closing I would like to extend good luck to all Fellow CaNAClans.

Sandra Rowbotham
Editor



YEARBOOK STAFF

FIRST ROW: Liz Suzuki, Donna Aspinall, Liz Horne, Sandra Rowbotham, Pete Hadley, David Kent, Stewart Kelland.

SECOND ROW: Ruth Hunter, Kathleen Lynch, Audrey MacKay, Joanna Wilchek, Wendy Kennedy, Mr. Bowen.



STEWART KELLAND -- Assistant Editor



LIZ HORNE -- Girls' Sports



PETER HADLEY -- Assistant Editor



LIZ SUZUKI -- Advertising Manager



DAVE KENT -- Boys' Sports



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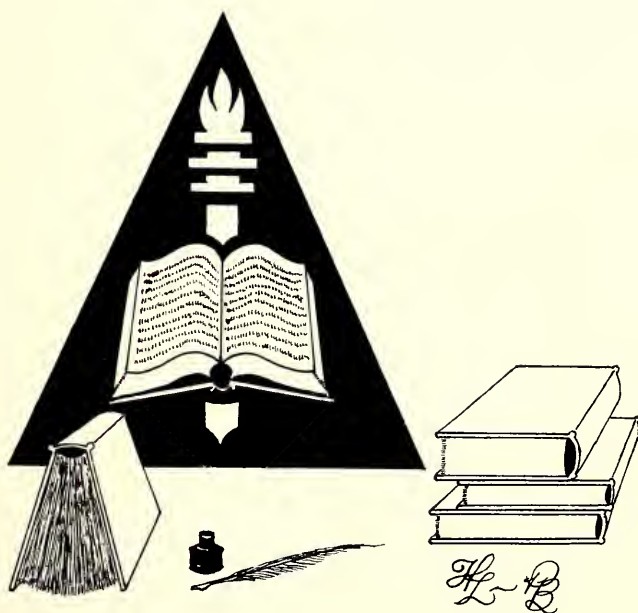
YEARBOOK STAFF

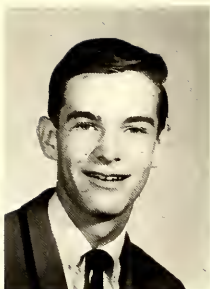
1965-1966



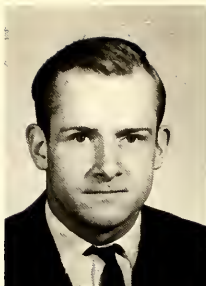
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CANACIANS





MIKE ADAMS
Speechless ? ?



DAVE ALLAN
Amb: Medicine at
Toronto.
Dest: Medicine man
at the Six Nation
Nations.
Say: But I asked you
first.
Ptv: Perhaps this is an
unfair question . . .
but.
Past: Discussing in-
finity with Mr.
Smith.

BRIGITA BRAND
Amb: to pass grade
13 and study music
at U. of T.
Dest: playing at
the Bohemian Embassy.
Ptv: trying impos-
sible physics prob-
lems.
Say: "Would you
please play the
violin in the string
ensemble?"
Past: playing flute
and piano.



BRIAN CHATTELL
Amb: Honours Maths
at Waterloo.
Dest: teaching at
N. A. C. I. in 4
years.
Ptv: English at the
end of the day.
Say: "But I did it
differently, sir!"
Past: Censored.



LINDA CHISHOLME
Amb: Passing grade
13; Nursing.
Dest: appearing in
the next "Doctors
and Nurses at Work"
series.
Ptv: weekends that
are too short.
Say: "Oh . . . you
are just kidding."
Past: long distance
phone calls to Water-
loo.



JIM CHORNEY
Amb: University.
Dest: hard labour.
Ptv: long Russian
fingernails.
Past: "Russian"
around all the time."
Say: "You gotta be kidding."

FRANCIS COONEY
Amb: to be accept-
ed at U. of T.
Dest: U. of T.
Say: Charge!
Ptv: French, French
and more French.
Past: learning to
play my guitar in
my bedroom closet.



JIM DUBBIN
Amb: Dentistry at
U. of T.
Dest: pulling some-
one's leg.
Say: But Crusher
says . . .
Ptv: that p. s. s. c.
course.
Past: trying to play
ping-pong.





ALEX EWING
 Amb: to be educated (if it's possible).
 Dest: full time job in a grocery store.
 Past: playing football and basketball.
 Say: "What's so important about English."
 Ptv: Having Bryan borrowing French in Physics class.



BOB GEORGE
 Amb: Honour math at U. of T.
 Dest: drawing-board.
 Ptv: people who say the right thing at the wrong times.
 Say: "Yes sir, she has my O.K. on that."
 Past: Watching girls at basketball games.



GARY HALL
 Amb: chartered accountant.
 Dest: Hen-pecked husband.
 Past: cars.
 Say: Never say die.
 Ptv: school.



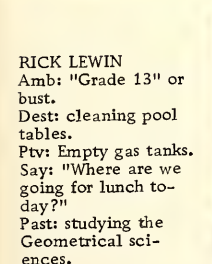
ALFRED HARKER
 Speechless? ? ?



FRED HOLMAN
 Amb: to succeed E. P. Taylor.
 Dest: car-jockey at Woodbine.
 Ptv: there should be 48 hours in a day.
 Say: "You Mutton-head!"
 Past: homework.



JOHN JARVIS
 Amb: University.
 Dest: Who knows!
 Say: homework.
 Ptv: "I don't like it."



RICK LEWIN
 Amb: "Grade 13" or bust.
 Dest: cleaning pool tables.
 Ptv: Empty gas tanks.
 Say: "Where are we going for lunch today?"
 Past: studying the Geometrical sciences.



DIANE MacDONALD
 Amb: x-ray technician.
 Dest: radio-active specimen at the Ontario Museum.
 Ptv: memorizing the French authors text.
 Say: Pardon my French! !!
 Past: trying to think up a "PASTIME".





GRAHAM MacFARLANE
 Amb: High school teacher.
 Dest: Public school janitor.
 Ptv: Haircuts (UGH!)
 Past: 5'5" brunette in Willowdale.
 Say: "But my hair ain't even long yet."
 "Do you know where I'd be without girls?"



SUSAN PATTERSON
 Amb: Western-Political Science or History.
 Dest: Future Prime Minister.
 Ptv: Physics and porridge.
 Say: "Pickles and figs."
 Past: Skiing in the school yard.

BOB PECORA

Amb: Can't say right now. Ask me later.
 Dest: The Morgue???
 Ptv: Taking grade 13 physics book home.
 Say: "there's something about that girl!"
 Past: Weekends . . . man, weekends!!!



DAVE PERRONI

Amb: Physics and Math at MacMaster University.
 Dest: Calculating the length of cigarette butts.
 Say: "Oh Go-On!"
 Ptv: Schools starts too early.
 Past: Cross-country walks after lunch.



BOB REGIMBALD

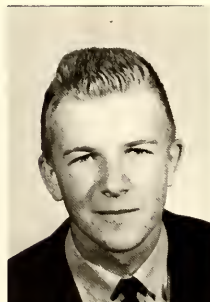
Amb: Pro biologist.
 Dest: Amateur bird watcher.
 Ptv: Tons of homework on the opening day of trout season.
 Past: Hunting, fishing, camping.
 Say: "I'll kill you!"



BILL ROBERTSON

Amb: To graduate this year.
 Dest: To give up after next year.
 Ptv: Girls who wear stockings that look like melted kaleidoscopes.
 Past: Admiring Alfred's experimental technique.

DAVE SAYERS



CHRIS SHELDON

Amb: Architect somewhere.
 Ptv: ???
 Say: "You haven't lived."
 Past: Playing pool, eating, golf, eating, football, eating . . .





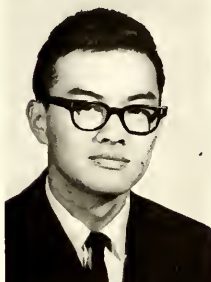
BRYAN SMITH
 Amb: I would like to roller skate down Broadway with Barbara Streisand.
 Ptv: riot having a pair of roller skates.
 Past: sitting at home, sulking and wishing for my ambition to come true.
 Say: "You're always taking me to that damn beach."
 Dest: Queen's University . . . or . . . or . . . or . . .



RICK SMYTH
 Amb: accountant making \$20,000 a year.
 Dest: Eventually Heaven, I hope.
 Past: supplying an empty house on those hot summer week-ends.
 Ptv: cleaning house every Sunday afternoon on those hot summer week-ends.

GENE SUZUKI

Amb: Dentistry at U. of T.
 Dest: Candidate for Guelph at Easter.
 Past: absorbing French.
 Ptv: last period--English.
 Say: I never say anything twice.



RAY WANSTALL
 Amb: ???
 Dest: EMBAR-RASSED!
 Past: ???
 Say: ???



STEVE WYNDHAM
 Amb: Engineering at U. of Waterloo.
 Dest: cross-country, shoe-salesman.
 Ptv: girls . . . 5'2" and over.
 Say: "That's true . . . forget it, man!"
 Past: he runs "a bit."



SUSAN ALLEN
 Amb: nursing at Sick Children's.
 Dest: Yorkville.
 Past: guitar, skiing, carrying attendance.
 Say: "Hey Jo-Anne! Guess what?"
 Ptv: Filling out forms, buses.

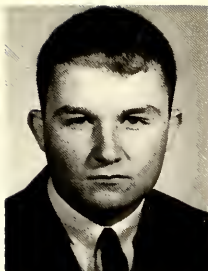


LYNNE BARIL
 Amb: Phys. Ed. at U. of T.
 Dest: bouncer at Club 888.
 Ptv: Chester's excursions, boggy lenses and watery eyes.
 Say: "What'd you say? What? Uh?"
 Past: baby-sitting, looking for the right sizes in the Junior Miss section.



LESLEY BATES
 Amb: Public school teacher.
 Dest: working at Bell Telephone.
 Ptv: people who always ask about Linda.
 Say: "Linda, who?"
 Past: skiing, playing bongo drums and "saying somthin'".





MIKE BREMNER
 Amb: Business & Commerce at Ryerson.
 Dest: An ad man for the quarterly "Swineherd's Guide to Better Living."
 Past: Watching Lloyd Thaxton, Gogue Inn.
 Ptv: Girls that are going steady!



BARBARA BUSBY
 Amb: Elementary School Teacher.
 Dest: Proof reader for Flash.
 Ptv: A boy friend who's related to a teacher.
 Say: "But, sir, I found another way!"
 Past: Reading "Tropic of Calcutus" by Henry Euclid.

JACK CAMPBELL



PAUL CONWAY
 Amb: Western.
 Dest: Creative director for radio station CHIN. or writer of fairy tales.
 Past: Creating and being an avid fan of Jon Hall and Soupy Sales.
 Say: "I go that chick!"
 Ptv: People who don't agree with him.
 Past: "That chick," basketball and working on his thesis that the Hardy Boys are really Pinko Novels!



STEVE COOPER
 Amb: University.
 Dest: Horse blanket maker.
 Say: "Bonjour."
 Past: Motor bic's.
 Ptv: icy roads.



BARRY CHATTELL
 Amb: Western U.
 Dest: Runner for the Mafia.
 Past: Sleep, checkers, existing.
 Ptv: Roses, squirrels, dead fish, candy floss.

EDWARD DENT



ANNE DONEGAN
 Amb: Nursing at St. Joseph's.
 Dest: Nursing at Humane Society.
 Past: "Justa walkin' the dog and NACI Janitor on Fridays.
 Say: Just a portion!
 Just a wee bit.
 Ptv: Teddy Bears with a Living Latin.





ADRIAN DORN
 Amb: Money.
 Dest: Canadian Mint
 Bill Counter with
 sticky fingers.
 Past: Rolling cars,
 shaving.
 Say: "Would you be-
 lieve I don't have
 one?"
 Ptv: Buttoned shirts,
 regulations, tulips.



GARY FAUCETT
 Amb: University.
 Dest: Grade 13 forever.
 Ptv: You name it.
 Say: "Hey did you see
 . . ."
 Past: Hunting.

BARBARA GOUGH
 Amb: Ryerson Secre-
 tarial Science.
 Dest: Working in the
 village with Freddie
 MacNaulty as an ash-
 tray.
 Ptv: False emotions,
 sweet people, being
 accused of having one
 eye and of being a
 Bobsey Twin.
 Say: "Oh, shut-up!"
 Past: Front half of tan-
 dem, basketball,
 soirees and Irish-
 men.



ELLEN GRUNDY
 Amb: Librarian in pub-
 lic school.
 Past: Boy friend.
 Ptv: A bigoted history
 student.
 Dest: A bigoted history
 teacher.



BERT HOLMES
 Amb: To own a jag.
 Dest: President of the
 Edsel Motor Co. which
 uses the dynamic
 Studebaker Lark Motor.
 Past: Watching Hockey
 games.
 Say: "You can't win
 them all."
 Ptv: Double Eng. and
 Latin periods (author's
 note: "here! here!")



MARTIN JACKSON
 Amb: Waterloo.
 Dest: Spelling team.
 Past: Basketball, social
 committee.
 Say: "Way to pick them
 out, Barry."
 Ptv: Japanese Ping Pong
 Balls, pushy Eng.
 teachers.

LORRAINE JOHNSON
 Amb: Teachers' Col-
 lege.
 Dest: Cashier at Wool-
 worth's.
 Past: A boy with a blue
 Corvair.
 Say: "Hey guys, you
 going to the restaurant?"
 Ptv: History.

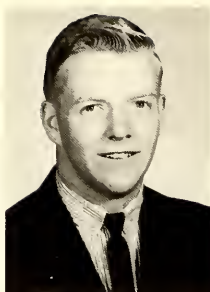


SUSAN LECKIE
 Amb: Stewardess.
 Dest: Mechanic for
 Frump Airlines with
 flights to Spleen, and
 Rubber Boot.
 Ptv: A brother that won't
 walk home with her.
 Past: Reading maps of
 Toronto.
 Say: "Bob, please!"





LINDA MASON
 Amb: Teachers' College.
 Dest: A gum-chewing James Brown's albums under arm and C. H. U. M. chart in hand, mother!!!
 Ptv: Perry Como, Vaughan Monroe, Chris, Loblaw's, creased stoves.
 Say: "What a joke! What a laugh! Neat!"
 Past: Bingo, following the hits in musicland, any dance with the cool R & B sounds.



JOHN McCALLAM
 Amb: Geography and planning at Waterloo.
 Dest: Dancer on Hallaballoo.
 Say: "Where's Pam?"
 Ptv: Strong Perfume.
 Past: Short and sweet.

BRIAN McPHEDRON
 Amb: Accountancy.
 Dest: ???
 Past: Frequenting Billiard Academies.
 Ptv: Sharks.



SHARON NASH
 Amb: P. E. and Math Teacher.
 Dest: A chimney sweeper at the Hot Stove Lounge.
 Past: Basketball, volleyball, badminton.
 Say: "Your turn to referee."
 Ptv: Spotless gym shoes, unsolved Math problems.



PAMELA POULTON
 Amb: Teacher- public school.
 Dest: Running a reputable boutique on the Ginza Strip.
 Ptv: Being 5ft. and silent.
 Say: "Oh garbage!"
 Past: Johnny-poo.



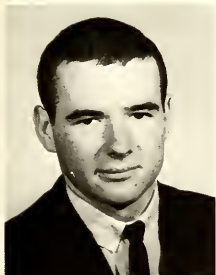
LARRY PUCKRELL
 Amb: French teacher.
 Dest: University.
 Ptv: Physics.
 Say: "What's new Pussycat?"
 Past: Football and cars.

LYNNE REEDER
 Amb: To pass everything.
 Dest: Co-star in "The Bobsey Twins meet the Hardy Boys."
 Past: Stumbling, basketball.
 Say: "What d'ya mean, what's life?"
 Ptv: Passive people, fickle people.



NICK RUITER
 Amb: College in U. S.
 Dest: Draft-card burner.
 Past: Basketball, drawings.
 Say: "Come on now, let's really hear it for D. N. A., R. N. A., A. T. P. and A. D. P."
 Ptv: People who are stubborn, jealous or fussy.





GLEN RUSSELL
 Amb: Poly sc.
 Dest: President of
 Lenny Bruce fan club.
 Past: Barn-rising,
 quilting-bees.
 Say: "What's life?"
 Ptv: When it just isn't
 happening.



DONNA SKINNER
 Amb: Bell Telephone
 Service Rep.
 Dest: A linesman.
 Past: A boy in Quebec.
 Say: "Hey, I got a
 letter."
 Ptv: Mumbling stu-
 dents, sour milk.

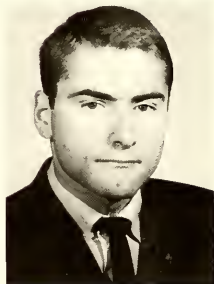


PENELOPE SMITH
 Amb: MacMaster.
 Dest: Giving means
 test for car loans.
 Past: Watching cars
 and smiling serenely.
 Say: "Yes, but . . ."
 Ptv: 6 year old girls
 that won't be good.

GWEN THOMSON
 Amb: Teacher.
 Dest: Weed-puller in
 Augusta, Georgia.
 Past: Homework.
 Say: I wish it was
 Friday and all my
 homework was done.
 Ptv: Short weekends,
 freak shows.



KEITH WILKINSON
 Amb: R. M. C. King-
 ston.
 Dest: Teacher at
 Annis Stukus' school of
 Speech and Elocution.
 Ptv: mumbler, tum-
 blers, fumlbers,
 stumblers and Ramblers.
 Say: "Could you ask
 her to mumble a
 little louder, please?"
 Past: Listening in-
 tensely.



JOHN WYMAN
 Amb: Science,
 Waterloo.
 Dest: Computer for
 I. B. M.
 Past: School and
 Angel Gardens.
 Say: "You better be-
 lieve it!"



BARB ARPIN
 Amb: Marriage.
 Dest: Marriage.
 Ptv: Teachers waking
 her up.
 Say: "Where are we,
 sir?"
 Past: Riding buses.

CAROLYN BAKER
 Amb: To pass Grade
 13.
 Dest: Future expert on
 how not to pass Grade
 13.
 Say: "Well, . . ."
 Past: School until
 lunchtime.





SANDRA BOWLEY
 Amb: Teachers' College.
 Dest: Full-time high school student.
 Ptv: Being called "Mac" and "Pussy-cat".
 Say: "Must you, Terry!"
 Past: Babysitting younger and older boys.



PAT CARROLL
 Amb: History teacher.
 Dest: Selling magazines on corner of Young and Bloor.
 Ptv: Doctors.
 Say: "It's absolutely horrendous."
 Past: Doctor.

HILARY CLODE
 Amb: Arts at U. of T.
 Dest: Teaching in Europe.
 Ptv: People with higher marks asking you what you got.
 Say: "Then . . . after Thursday, it's Fri."
 Past: Homework.



PETER CONWAY



ANN DIXON
 Amb: U. of T.; high school teacher.
 Dest: Ski instructor.
 Ptv: German classes.
 Say: "I wish I could drop German."
 Past: Picking herself up from ski slopes.



LISA EFIMOV
 Amb: Modern languages at York.
 Dest: Folk singing at Hawk's Nest.
 Ptv: Year book pictures.
 Say: "Oh rapture unforeseen."
 Past: Sweeping hay off the gym floor.

JO-ANNE ESCHLI
 Amb: To get ahead.
 Dest: Head Hunter.
 Ptv: People who dislike Bob Dylan.
 Say: "Where are Dawn and Sue?"
 Past: Gary, her guitar and Yorkville.



DONNA FOWLES
 Amb: Teachers' College.
 Dest: 007's tutor.
 Ptv: People who smile crookedly in photos.
 Say: "Does he have to talk when I'm creating?"
 Past: Sitting in the wilderness.





JOHN GOGO
 Amb: Soc. & Phil. at
 U. of T.
 Dest: Turtle chaser.
 Ptv: Linda doesn't
 take chem. seriously.
 Past: Trying to get
 Linda to take him
 seriously.
 Say: "Wasn't that trig.
 test hard?"



KATHY HENDERSON
 Amb: Physical Educa-
 tion at Queen's.
 Dest: University.
 Ptv: Trigonometry.
 Past: Sports of all
 kinds.

BARRY HENRY
 Amb: U. of T.
 Dest: John Gogo's con
 man.
 Ptv: John Gogo.
 Say: It sure was John."



PAT HENRY
 Amb: Teachers' College.
 Say: "Did you hear
 about . . ."
 Past: Taking Hondas
 apart.



CONNIE KIRK
 Amb: Teachers' College.
 Dest: Getting married.
 Ptv: Loblaw's.
 Say: "Have you seen
 my ring?"
 Past: That gorgeous
 boy.



BOB LECKIE
 Amb: Business Admin.
 at Western.
 Dest: Teller in the
 Blood Bank.
 Ptv: Life.
 Past: Basketball.



HARLEY LEEDER
 Amb: Art College.
 Dest: Pop artist.
 Ptv: Sport car critics
 who don't own sports
 cars.
 Past: Being the
 LEADER for follow
 the LEADER.



LYNN MacDUFF
 Amb: In charge of
 mess for a one man
 troop.
 Ptv: Things scientific.
 Past: Blonde-haired
 brunette.
 Say: "Alphonse."





JOAN MALLET
 Amb: University
 Dest: A quiet housewife
 Ptv: People who are cheerful in the morning.
 Say: "Think SNOW".
 Past: Failing extra-vaganzas in trig.



CAROL MARSDEN
 Amb: Child care at Thistle town Hospital.
 Dest: Patient at same.
 Ptv: Competing with basketball and red cars.
 Say: "I was just going to say that."
 Past: Playing follow the LEEDER.

MARY MITCHELL
 Amb: Lakeshore teachers' college.
 Dest: Auctioneer.
 Ptv: Loud things, in general.
 Say: "Well, basically. . ."
 Past: Vain attempt at learning to type.



SHIRLEY REED
 Amb: Teachers' College
 Dest:
 Ptv: People who don't appreciate Chinese Christmas Carols.
 Say: "Have you heard my Chinese Christmas Carol."



LARRY SANDERS
 Amb: Theology at Trinity.
 Dest: Missionary to Yorkville.
 Ptv: Having to get up in the morning.
 Say: "But, Mr. Barnes, I disagree."
 Past: Collecting books and records.



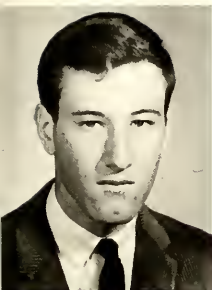
HELEN SHEWARD
 Amb: Teachers' College.
 Dest: Cafeteria help at same.
 Ptv: Short lunch hours
 Say: "Well, but. . ."
 Past: The one with the black corvair.

SUE SMITH
 Amb: York U.
 Dest: Typing lists in a typing pool.
 Ptv: People asking what she is doing after grade.
 Say: "Weeks are too long and weekends too short."
 Past: Trying to pass French.



DAWN WALLACE
 Amb: Journalist.
 Dest: Cover girl
 Ptv: People who don't appreciate Mr. Smith.
 Say: "Hey, Jo!"
 Past: Reading Globe and Mail, English Movies and Yorkville.





BILL WARD
 Amb: Geography at U.
 of T.
 Dest: Map reader for
 O. M. L.
 Ptv.: Girls who wear
 beetle hats and cordu-
 roy stoves, with sneak-
 ers.
 Say: "Hi, there".
 Past: Basketball.



JEAN SPARROW
 Amb: French teacher.
 Past: Sewing.
 Ptv: English.
 Dest: Answering "Je ne
 sais pas." in French
 classes.
 Say: "I don't know."

ISSA EL-KHOURY
 Amb: Grade 13.
 Past: Photography.
 Ptv: "Good morning,
 nice day", on Monday
 mornings.
 Dest: Carleton Univer-
 sity.
 Say: "S. O. S. June is
 near."



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 Sandy Ayasse, Mr. Fanning.
 THIRD ROW: Steve Burkholder, Jim Wood, Dave Morse, Mike Fellows, Terry Murphy, Larry Jackson, Ross
 MacKillop.



12B

FRONT ROW: Liz Horne, Allison Blaney, Mary Lou Wakeman, Judy Thomson, Sandra Rowbotham, Elaine
 Hawkins, Wendy Lauder.
 SECOND ROW: Steve Gilbert, Ann Kearsley, Audrey MacKay, Janice Roberts, Pat Treasure, Mary Bartlett,
 Bruce Elliott, Mr. Holynsky.
 THIRD ROW: Don Munnings, Bill Knaud, Wayne Farrant, Dave Whitely, Bill Latham Rick Leach.
 ABSENT: Louise Brand.



12C

FRONT ROW: Rene Bilodeau, Carolyn Rule, Susan Edwards, Janice Taylor, Fran Langan, Judy Hachey, Brian Graves.

SECOND ROW: Gary Gordon, Philip Bradshaw, Merrick Buck, Kelvin McGreavy, Milvin Quirt, Don Jenkinson, Ray Palmer, Mr. Bookman.

THIRD ROW: Allan Steel, Gary Toms, Holger Lohse, Jim Knapp, Bill Mathison, Don Evers, Peter Wiatzka.

ABSENT: Gary Barnett, Pam Cairns.



12D

FRONT ROW: Pete Bongertmen, Joanne Russell, Mybriitt Norberg, Betty Winchuk, Joan Cooney, Marg McKillop, Sandra Blakely, Linda Wilson, Bob Faubert.

SECOND ROW: Gord Usher, Bill Freeman, Mike Ward, Marg McEwan, Ursula Mrowietz, Sharlene Bell, Graham Sheward, Philip Sheldon, Mr. Godin.

THIRD ROW: Ron Perry, Rick Middleton, Ray LeBlanc, Bob Lepp, Gord Hunter, Wayne Kyle, Paul Alexander, Al Lingard, Steven Christie.



11A

FRONT ROW: Judy Cheesman, Norma Harker, Wendy Graves, Lynda Abell, Gayle Forster, Jennifer Gray, Lynne Foster, Janet Ervin.
 SECOND ROW: Bill Cameron, Henry Taylor, John Feltnate, Peter Oldcorn, Phelim O'Malley, Colin Willoughby, Greg Phoenix, Mr. Thompson.
 THIRD ROW: Allyn Lepper, Greg Humphreys, Jack Stewart, Bob Adam, Bob McVey, Don Fellows, Brian Denson, Brent Johnston, Bill Roddy.



11B

FRONT ROW: Betty Gilbert, Pat Fagan, Judy Freeman, Bette-Jean Vaughan, Anne MacGregor, Mary-Jo Husby, Jeanette Worgan, Ruth Wardley, Darlene Dubbin, Pat Driffield.
 SECOND ROW: Margaret Reynolds, Bonny O'Farrell, Diane Marshall, Kathleen Patterson, Vicki Owtrim, Pauline Smith, Cathy Gillespie, Lynne Jarvis, Marion Clark, Joyce Shannon, Joan Murray, Ruth Hunter, Mr. Watson.
 THIRD ROW: Jonas Brand, Ian MacDuff, Terry Hemler, Bill Bates, Henry Hughes, Mike Grunsky, Terry Redvers, Rick Smith, Stewart Swanborough, Doug Adams, Rick Zelinka, Fred Ruiter.
 ABSENT: Dave Aspinall.



11C

FRONT ROW: Marylee Quirt, Chery Taylor, Cathy Taylor, Donna Desrochers, Gloria Stoyko, Donna Aspinall, Laura Ramsay, Shelly Saunders, Martina Schroer, Ly Marcus.

SECOND ROW: Rod Marshall, Dave Hetherington, Gail Bragg, Lally Hilliard, Marg Wolstenholme, Nancy Chorney, Jo-Ann Jackson, Louise Gordon, Kathy Anderson, Margaret Watters, Donna Maruk, Ralph Weiser, Mr. Hugo.

THIRD ROW: Stewart Kelland, Andreas Schroer, Allan Armstrong, Dave Colledge, Danny Konefat, Nick Shorten, Terry Elliot, Pat Quinn, Phil McPhedran, Wayne Pelletier, Peter Hadley, Dennis Murphy, Bruce Michael.



11D

FRONT ROW: Colin Henderson, Lynn Marden, Gail Bailey, Curt Nichols, Candy Phoenix, Pat Bowen, Mr. Seles.

SECOND ROW: Frank Flynn, Wayne Guardhouse, Robin Bifton, Robin White, David Snow, Tony Henderson.

THIRD ROW: Steve Amini, Barry Bernardo, Bruce Garstang, Steve Yuricek, Bill Amesbury, Gary Graham, Derek Denson, Mike Turrel.



11E

FRONT ROW: Isabelle Ewing, Reinhild Hoelker, Lynda Lenehan, Lorrie Ezeard, Sandra Allen, Sandra Gardiner, Carol Brown, Linda Copeland, Mary Shanahan, Sylvia Waring.

SECOND ROW: Bob Berman, Matt Hamill, Bob Paterson, Ian Stevenson, Rick Wilkinson, Vic Russel, Nigel Kean, Roy Macfarlane, Gary Hacock, Mr. Bowen.

THIRD ROW: Bill Adair, Dave Stavert, Frank Murphy, Lewis Davis, Richard Palmer, Sheldon Leonard, Russ Spalding, Greg Clausen, Dave Barnes, Randy Moyle, Bob Kedge.



10A

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ABSENT: Linda Dowse.



10B

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FRONT ROW: Denise Pacey, Eleanor Lievaart, Carol Knoefat, Liz Suzuki, Pat Stroud, Carol Hanson, Kathleen Lynch, Vicky Clare, Mary Steel, Venessa Bernard.
 SECOND ROW: Ian Mang, Dave Kent, Monty Edwards, John Dixon, Rex French, Hans Bongertnmen, Bob Milette, Miss Main.
 THIRD ROW: Susan Faulkes, Wendy Kennedy, Mary Quail, Doreen Arpin, Andra Norberg, Beth Barnes, Bonnie Dimitry, Joanna Wilchek, Gay Gennings.



10D

FRONT ROW: Stein Klint, Nanci Reiner, Leslie Ferguson, Jan Gott, Lorraine Falcioni, Susan Davis, Sharon Gow, Sharon Harrison, Claire Marsden, Judy Thompson, Linda Furness, Ken Madison.

MIDDLE ROW: Derek Massey, Cathy Marshall, Joanne Lievaart, Brenda Cooper, Brenda York, Kathy Jarvis, Lynne Brewer, Colleen Keating, Debbie Ruston, Lorna Wyndham, Pat Barron, Barbara Allen, Norah Wilson, Joan Sturkenboom.

BACK ROW: Don Wereshuk, Wayne Dishart, Brian Tough, Larry Duncan, Greg Carrigan, Wayne Butt, Eddy Mathews, Doug Pearce, Paul Twyman, Michael Lamontagne, Terry Kidd, Mr. Hurley.



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9A

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SECOND ROW: Eleanor Ervin, Rod Norwood, Steve Leigh, Richard Sams, Pat Sherrard, Paula Misfud, Mr. Patterson.

THIRD ROW: Danny Gryschuk, Brian Laziach, Bruce Durling, Paul McDonald, Bob Hopper, Gary Myron, Fred Richmond, Doug Willox, Ryan Rudd.



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ABSENT: Charles Shaw.



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SECOND ROW: Dave Buck, Bev. Angliss, Carol-Marie Mathison, Cathy Butt, Joy Burkholder, Barbara Mason, Linda McCormick, Janet Cook, Sharon Mallard, Lee Lepper, Miss Storey.

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BACK ROW: Steve Graham, Bill Heard, Mike Clements, Mark Bambrick, Claude Biladeau, Gary McEwen, Gord Watson, Dave Corbett, Dennis Ruston, Don Richmond, Carl Gryschuk, Harvey Slaght.



9F

FRONT ROW: Cathy Reeder, Carol Simmons, Jan Johnston, Bonnie Shewfelt, Diana Frank, Patricia Weston, Juanita Feltmate.
SECOND ROW: Raymond Taranco, Mary Hughes, Judy Bayley, Gabrielle Jantz, Janet Johnston, Keitha Robinson, David Honey, Miss Richardson.
THIRD ROW: Paul Husby, Peter Edwards, Vince Fox, John Russell, James McFarland, Harry Debes, Ross Wilson, Russell Smith.
ABSENT: Paul Voak, Hugh Ewing, Glen Sowten, Judy Coveney.



9G

FRONT ROW: Judy McCallum, Donna Burleigh, Pat Wheeler, Diane Hobman, Pat Coulson, Gayle Foster, Karen Warner, Helen Smith, Paulette Anderson, Jan Lemmon.
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 THIRD ROW: Jean Cameron, Doug Adams, Craig Ramsey, Niels Zunker, Don Holbrook, Doug Dixon, Wayne Winn, Howard Elliott, Gaye McKenzie.



9H

FRONT ROW: Bob Feather, Peter Ryan, Martha Kreppi, Dorothy Armstrong, Jill Parkinson, Terry Jones, Jack Ritchie.
 BACK ROW: Ralph Costantino, Jim Scott, Roger Blackwood, George Beechy, Gary Callan, Jim Allan, Don Jones, Mrs. Hewitson.
 ABSENT: Lese Phillion, Danny Blackburn, George Inglis, Joe Bondi.



9J

FRONT ROW: Anne Bradley, Sandra Carson, Jane Russ, Judy McCallum, Suzanne Irvine, Diane Knowles, Beverley Love, Brenda Fynn.

SECOND ROW: Debby Phoenix, Cheryl Klepacki, Sandra Leslie, Elizabeth Dumbleton, Marilyn Budgell, Joan Gillespie, Dianne Ford, Janet Hefford, Darlene Bigelow, Mrs. Owens.

THIRD ROW: Ray O'Connor, Jack Groat, Richard Fellows, Paul Bradshaw, Dale Armstrong, Henry Korba, Dave Ryan, Phil Scott, Tom Halls, Randy Taylor.



9K

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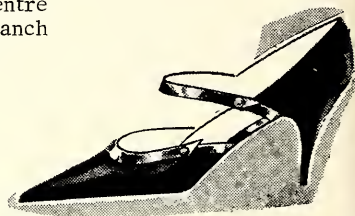
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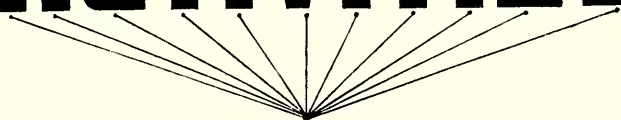
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<i>Marie Louise</i>	DENISE PACEY
<i>Joseph</i>	TERRY McKENNA
<i>Jules</i>	JIM KNAPP
<i>Alfred</i>	GLENN RUSSELL
<i>Henri</i>	DAVID MORSE
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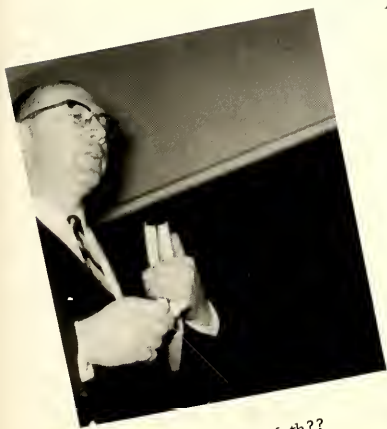


I drink it because I like it!!!

First Prize!



Alexander the Great?



This is New Math??



3:20 -- Friday

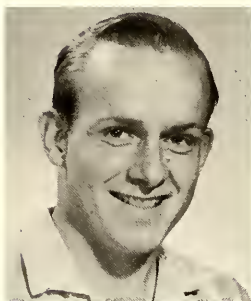
VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

A year ago today we looked with apprehension at the grade thirteen year that lay before us, and now it is just a memory. It involved a lot of work for us, but we must stop now to remember and thank those who helped us.

I speak to the parents of the grads. I think that you more than anyone were relieved to see us walk across the stage tonight and receive our diplomas. We knew you were behind us, supporting us, and rooting for us all the way. It was reassurance just knowing that you cared.

Most important of all though was the kind of home and upbringing you gave us, and the values you instilled in us, that made us seek knowledge. At this stage of the game school must mean more to us than simply a place to go each day. So many times too, we tend to take going to school for granted, to forget the obstacles you had to overcome to get an education. We forget that at this age we could be out working, helping to support the rest of the family as so many of you had to do.

Every valedictory speech says something about the quality of the teaching staff, but I think when I speak for the class of '65 it is more than a mere platitude. We had the privilege to associate with you as people not mere instructors. We had a group of mature friends who genuinely cared about us, and whose character provided us fine examples to emulate. You taught us so much more than mere 'book-learning'.



DAVID ALLEN
Outstanding Boy Award



GAIL SWANBOROUGH
Outstanding Girl Award

It was a dreary year -- one of constant pressure. The dread of grade 13 had been placed in our minds as far back as public school. Never could we forget those final exams we had to face in June. From the first day in September all our efforts had been directed towards those decisive two weeks. A big party after Christmas exams might help us relax for a while but it was only a temporary relief. June was still waiting for us.

Yet in some ways the year just flew by. It was a year where our egos were blown up to an unsurpassed high. Finally we were the seniors of the school -- we experienced the thrill of wielding our most respected authority to the lower echelons. And then there were the activities -- the play, the yearbook, student council, band and sports. These times of working together we never forget, and the friendships we formed will always be with us.

Most important of all though, was the fact that grade thirteen was a test for each of us as an individual. But we had to stay with it -- the only way to get where we wanted to go was to have an honour graduation diploma. Our exams gave us an inkling of our power as individuals, and it was such a rewarding experience when we finally made it.

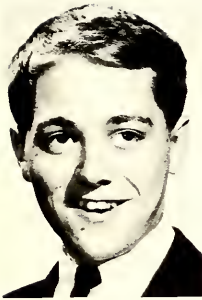
As we look back at our years at North Albion we realize how much they meant to us, and how our whole life revolved around them. We did a lot of work, in some cases not as much as we should have, but we had a lot of good times too. To be sure North Albion has given us friendships of both students and teachers that we will always value.



Third Annual Commencement

1. North Albion Collegiate Institute
 Senior School Orchestra Mr. D. J. Parsons
2. Invocation Rev. L. G. Phillips
3. Principal's Remarks Mr. G. M. Hull
4. President of the Student Council John Wyman
5. Chairman of the Board of Education Mr. G. A. Kirk
6. Presentation of Secondary School
 Graduation Diplomas Mr. G. M. Hull
7. School Choir Mr. M. H. Allison
 - (a) Sheep May Safely Graze J. S. Bach
 - (b) Deep Purple Peter DeRose and Mitchell Parish
8. Presentation of Secondary School Honour Graduation Diplomas
9. General Proficiency Scholarships
 - Grade IX -- Hans Bongertmen, Andra Norberg, Doreen Arpin.
 - Grade X -- Petty Gilbert, Peter Hadley.
 - Grade XI -- Rick Wilson, Larry Jackson.
 - Grade XII -- David Allan, John Wyman.
10. Asst. Superintendent of Secondary Schools Mr. J. E. Baker
11. Senior School Orchestra Mr. D. J. Parsons
 Excerpts from the Sixth Symphony
 "Pathetique" Tschaikovsky
12. Presentation of Scholarships Grade 13
 - Michael Adams
 - Proficiency in History Etobicoke Board of Education
 - Local 808 Award Department of Education
 - Board of Education Employees' Union
 - Chris Allen
 - Regional Scholarship Rexdale Shopping Plaza Merchants' Assn.
 - Leslie Burkholder
 - Ontario Scholarship Department of Education
 - Proficiency in Mathematics Etobicoke Board of Education
 - Proficiency in English Etobicoke Board of Education
 - Jeanette Grant
 - Proficiency in English Etobicoke Board of Education
 - Norma Jamieson
 - Proficiency in Languages Etobicoke Board of Education
 - Bill McEwan
 - Proficiency in History Etobicoke Board of Education
 - Valary McNicol Department of Education
 - Etobicoke Fellowship Award Etobicoke Board of Education
 - Gail Swanborough
 - Proficiency in Science Etobicoke Board of Education
 - Kathy Walker
 - Ontario Scholarship Department of Education
 - General Proficiency Etobicoke Board of Education
 - Proficiency in Languages Etobicoke Board of Education
13. Presentation of Special Awards
 - Outstanding Boy Award David Allen
 - Outstanding Girl Award Gail Swanborough
14. The Valedictory Address April Boyington

SCHOLARSHIPS..



BILL McEWEN



VALERIE McNICOL



NORMA JAMIESON



KATHY WALKER



LESLIE BURKHOLDER



JEANETTE GRANT



GAIL SWANBOROUGH



CHRIS ALLEN



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Bell Canada

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J.N. HANNA

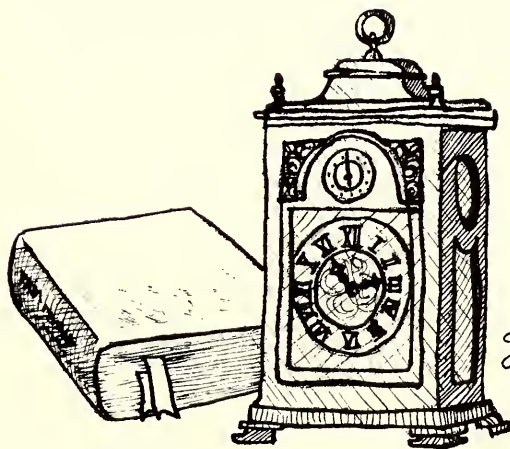
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EVALUATIONS -- NO OBLIGATION

LITERARY



The dust, rolling around under the chesterfield in lazy grey balls, and the dirt and lint that nearly obscured the pattern of the rug, were getting too much even for my untidy habits. All morning I laboured in that room, crawling under chairs awkwardly balancing crystal vases while attempting to spread the dust a little less conspicuously over the dark little tea tables. Despite my efforts to collect the dust, the room seemed to grow more and more confused and untidy as I shambled around it with the duster. At last, only the most dreaded task remained.

Like a knight charging at a monstrous castle containing the world's most evil ogre, I approached the closet door. Slowly, opening the door, I breathed a long sigh of disbelief, fixed with relief as nothing drastic happened. Glaring at the vacuum cleaner, half-obscured by overcoats in a corner of the dark closet, I was prepared to clean the living room. I grabbed the handle and yanked the cleaner out. Within seconds I found myself flat on my back, struggling under an avalanche of magazines, hats, and shoes.

This piece of machinery was not going to beat me. Doggedly I dragged it, leaving a trail of clothes and two big white scratches on the freshly waxed floor. I plugged it in, flicked the switch, and gradually calmed down as the vacuum cleaner coughed half-efficiently over the rug, eating up dirt, lint, and thread, eating up thread. . . I bent over and saw that the thread seemed never to end so I started to pull it out of the cleaner and it seemed endless!:

Standing in the middle of the rug, a handful of multi-coloured thread wrapped around my trembling fingers, I was stoically reasoning that nothing worse than unravelling an expensive Wilton rug could possibly happen, when the doorbell rang.

Unfortunately, it was Harry. Harry prides himself on his ability to fix anything. 'I'll never forget the toaster he fixed'. I have nothing against the space age, but I would much rather endure burnt toast than join the space scientists by sending edible brown toast into orbit. Neither I, nor my neighbours can forget the electric-light incident that resulted in total blackout for the whole town. Don't ask me how it happened. If Harry ever found out, he didn't tell me. After that, several people suggested that I should employ a professional electrician, but I still haven't developed a method for ridding myself of a fanatical do-it-your-selfer.

Harry found out what had happened, and assuring me that he had worked on "hundreds" of vacuum cleaners before, set to work not only to clean the rug but also to adjust the cleaner so it would work like new.

Half an hour later, the jack-of-all-trades proudly announced that the vacuum cleaner would work like a charm. There are two types of charms though, and I wryly asked myself whether the charm he was talking about was good or bad. So confident was he in his ability that he insisted in cleaning not only the rug but of all things, the ashes in the fireplace. Never had I heard anything so ridiculous in all my life.

Despite the heavy feeling creeping over my stomach, I could think of no possible excuse for not vacuuming the fireplace. "After all," Harry reasoned "it's easier emptying a dust bag than scraping ashes into a pail with a shovel." Having no argument for this, I waited anxiously for the outcome.

As the light grey ashes flew up the mouth of the cleaner, I settled down on one of the chairs. The room looked clean for the first time in weeks. The furniture was glowing in the lamplight. The floor was so clean that you almost fell when you tried to walk across it in socks, and the rug, . . . well the rug was just perfect.

Harry turned around and grinned at me, "Guess who's doing all the work now?" "Looks pretty good doesn't it? Hey! . . . What's the matter?"

As Harry was talking, I gazed in silent horror at the swelling dust bag. Half realizing what was about to happen I covered my head and buried myself in a corner of the chesterfield. The noise of the explosion was only a dull "plop", but if the noise was small, the damage before me was devastating.

Harry emerged, white-faced, sheepish, through a gentle fall of ashes. I glared back at him hoping in that look, to convey the feeling I had for his ability to operate anything electrical.

"I guess I'd better leave until you and the dust settle down a bit." he joked half-heartedly.

I said nothing, but my hand stretched out for a vase on a nearby table.

Then in a feeble attempt to right his mistake, he said, "Well if you ever need anything fixed, just call on me." Harry ducked out the door just in time, as the vase shattered against the hall wall.

Pulling together every shred of my courage, I stood outside the gift shop, took a deep breath, and walked boldly into the door. Slightly dazed, I retraced my steps, and tried pulling open the door for my second attempt at entering the shop, all the while covering my bruised nose with my hand. For years, my aunt Bessie had wanted a brown china bloodhound just like poor Rover who had died ten years ago. This Christmas at all costs I would find one for her.

While I was wandering around the store, I noticed on a high partition of shelves, between two crystal bowls, two shiny blue objects, almost like eyes, peering out at me. I peered back. Finally the shiny blue objects stepped out from behind the wall, and the clerk asked in his flat voice if he could help me. His glassy blue eyes were topped with a mat of brown fuzz that looked like anything but hair. Everything else however, on the clerk was in place; the wrinkles in his pea green suit were in place, the scuff marks on his shoes were in place, and the red marks that looked suspiciously like tomato soup on his tie were in place; in fact they looked as if they had been in the same place for about six months. When I told him that I was just looking around for the time being, he trotted off with a disgusted look on his face.

Not being able to see any bloodhounds, brown or otherwise, I was about to ask for help from the clerk when I noticed there was no-one around to help me. It was quite easy to see, however, that when there was a customer in the store intending to buy an expensive item, mysteriously, a charming, smiling woman would appear out of nowhere. Determined to use some psychology, I situated myself by the most expensive table and tried to look rich. This was no meagre feat however, since I was looking anything but rich in my somewhat worse for wear brown coat. I was thankful for one thing; at least I had taken my mother's advice and brushed my hair out of my eyes so that I didn't look quite so much like a sheepdog.

Apparently it didn't work, for I was still ignored. However knowing their weakness, I formulated another plan. I may not have looked rich, but there was certainly one thing you could say about me -- I looked clumsy. Reaching for a huge crystal punchbowl with its twelve matching cups, I was suddenly honoured with the presence of the charming, smiling woman. In her ultra-conservative black sheath, black oxfords and the typical bifocals hanging around her neck on a chain, she looked as if she had missed her calling. In my opinion she should have been working in a funeral parlour, not a gift store. The strand of pearls around her neck glistened almost as much as her teeth as she gushed, "May I help you with your purchase?" All the while reaching out to relieve me of the punchbowl. "Have you any bloodhounds?" I asked, "brown china bloodhounds?" "That way" she pointed with a disgusted finger. I noticed that the charming woman wasn't smiling any more.

The clerk with the shiny blue eyes came trotting over again. I told him about the brown china bloodhound, but he didn't know if there were any in stock. A few minutes later, dashing out of the stockroom, he held up a lavender teapot, exclaiming that there were no brown china bloodhounds, but he knew I would love this teapot. I guess I looked like the lavender teapot type. He was disappointed when I explained that it had to be a bloodhound, and went away muttering to himself.

Rather than let me escape from his clutches, he insisted on my seeing some other gifts that were in my price range. "This personalized set of clothes hangers is a good buy," he persuaded "And for only a small price more, we have this giraffe-shaped ash tray. I'm sure your aunt would get almost as much use out of it as she would a china bloodhound. As I was trying to make my way out the door, my retreat was blocked by the charming smiler. I was now the enemy: a definite challenge. Paraded before me were more ash trays, candy dishes, candle-holders, lamp-shades, and anything else they had that was in or out of my price range.

Now, when I think back on it I guess I got off fairly easily. The charming smiling woman was satisfied. The clerk was happy, and I suppose he went trotting back to the storeroom to find out if he could do any more good deeds. And finally, I was happy -- almost. Besides Aunt Bessie would get almost as much use from it as she would a china bloodhound. Contentedly I sighed, and hugging the lavender teapot under my arm, consoled myself with the thought that Aunt Bessie would get her bloodhound next year.

THE BODY OF EVERY ORGANIZATION HAS FOUR KINDS OF BONES:

1. There are the wishbones, who spend all their time wishing somebody else would do all the work.
2. There are the jawbones, who do all the talking, but very little else.
3. There are the knucklebones, who knock everything that everybody else tries to do.
4. Finally, there are the back bones, who get under the load and do the work.

(Author unknown)

LOST

I walk towards the Eastern Sun
Wishing only to tread the path beyond
But always the sun is rising
And I see nought but the bloody horizon.
What lies beyond the Eastern sun?
Is it virtue, beauty, love supreme?
Is it wisdom, knowledge, truth divine?
Or is it peace, in one eternal bond?
What lies beyond the Eastern sun?
Is it but a tempting vision
Emerging from the black obscure
Hiding the nine worlds down below?
Always the three beasts block my path;
The greed, the avarice and hypocrisy.
But n'ere a muse nor maidens three
Come to my rescue or answer my plea.

I walk towards the Eastern sun
Wishing only to tread the path beyond.
But always the sun is rising
And I see nought but the bloody horizon.

Pat Carroll, 13C

THOUGHTS

From out the silence comes a sweet enchanting song, full of light and binding hope yet hiding strange melancholy -- a wondrous, far away darkness, not heeded fully, only known and feared with innocent fright. It comes with swiftness never followed but for that strange shadow of itself that none can see yet know to be, that all tremble to and fear. It comes from places never searched by heart or soul. The song stops . . . all souls await, tremble . . . then gathers up her charge and takes it into her embrace to shield us from the darkness that it brings . . . and sings on with all the joy that quivers in a human soul, and frees that joy for me and all who wait . . . hear . . . rejoice.

Donna Aspinall, 11C

WHY NOT STAY AT HOME?

Pat Carroll, 13C

I don't like dates. I never have. It isn't even me that makes them -- it's my other self! It just takes one burst of schizophrenic madness and I'm stuck with a date. Making a date is like a promise and only a wretch would break a promise. (I think I'm just a coward).

Getting ready for this particular date was to say the least, a memorable experience -- maybe even a catastrophe. My first mistake was the shower. No sooner had I stepped in, than I was sprawled over and through the whole tub; one leg dangling over the side, the other twisted agonizingly behind my back, my arm tangled in the soap rack and water -- hot water, pouring into my face. Muttering and spluttering away to myself and to the rest of the house, I gathered myself into an upright position -- outside the tub and got back in a second time. Funny thing about soap bars, they have precisely the same effect as a banana peel! I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so I did

neither. I painfully stared into the steamed-up mirror at my mutilated body -- at my swollen lips, at my ever-increasing goose-eggs on both temples, and at my slightly scarlet puffy eye.

I was thoroughly rattled! My bones were rattled; my nerves were rattled; my brain was rattled. Forgetting (as well as I could which wasn't very easy, for every movement racked my body with utmost pain) about the shower, I took out my shaving gear -- cream, brush and a shiny new razor blade. I wasn't in much of a condition to shave. Using two wash clothes I managed to wipe up most of the blood and with three chunks of bulky white gauze I plugged the red liquid oozing from my wounds.

I was depressed. I didn't even want the date! I was even contemplating razor-blade suicide. Instead, I brushed my teeth -- with shaving cream! Now I really felt ill -- ill at heart, ill at stomach.

I managed to dress with a relatively minimum amount of difficulty -- under the current circumstances. I dashed back into the bathroom to brush my teeth again -- with toothpaste. Funny thing about tooth paste and ties, they attract one another. I'm afraid the pretty blue dribble did absolutely nothing for my new black silk tie. I swore!

Resolving to make up for lost time, I tore down the stairs to put my shoes on. We never have extra shoe-laces in the house -- especially when mine break. They broke! Peeping through my puffed eye, and fumbling the laces with my swollen fingers, I tried desperately for twenty minutes to tie the frayed fragments together. Everytime I thought I had it, the frayed piece would slither out of place. I tried everything. I pleaded with it; I flattered it; I cursed it. But all was not in vain. I accomplished my great feat and dashed out of that den of disaster.

Almost tripping over one of those miserable invisible string fences, I walked up and rapped on her door. I knocked again; and again, and ag....

THE BURN'T-OUT FOREST

by Denise Pacey

The fire had ravaged the countryside, leaving it only a stark, crumbled shell of what it used to be. The scene before me was all in shades of grey and black. A watery sun tried feebly to shine with its accustomed late-afternoon brilliance, through heavy, leaden skies. It failed. The forest was still smoldering.

I saw that the floor of the forest was a jungle of fallen logs, a treacherous, desolate labyrinth in which distance had no meaning and all directions looked the same. The confusing monotony of jumbled detail was broken only by a few blackened trunks that stood upright, creating a jagged silhouette against the lighter colour of the sky. It was as if they were needles, piercing the sky to have vengeance on it for sending the bolt of lightning that was the beginning of the end.

The ground beneath my feet was still warm. The acrid, pungent smell of wood smoke filled my nostrils. The atmosphere was excessively dry, and clogged with dust and fine ashes. It choked me. Some of the logs disintegrated as I stepped on them, producing a dry, crackling sound as they sent a shower of sparks and ashes over my feet. Small, sharp twigs and brambles plucked at my clothing as I stumbled on through the deepening gloom. A cluster of prickly burrs which had somehow been spared by the flames, clung to my sleeve, but I had not the patience to pick them off. A lone blue-jay, mourning over its lost home, made an ineffectual splash of colour in the cheerless landscape as it sat dejectedly on the top of a half-gutted tree. It only served to underline the ruins of the forest.

The mood of dismal desolation had pervaded my whole being, and I struggled to revive my sagging spirits. It was a dreary place: the wind whistling through the once-beautiful forest sent a chill up my spine. The ghosts of trees, animals and birds, were thick in the smoldering ruins of the forest. This was a counterfeit world, or shadow world, a world of ugly, grim memories.

THE FLOODS CAME

Well the Russians had finally done it. They had dropped the bomb, the bomb so powerful that even now, two months later, the energy released is still heating the earth's atmosphere.

I remember when the bomb fell. We had been sitting around the fireplace in the chalet drinking cups of hot coffee and talking when a voice cut through the soft music on the radio and blurted out its message that struck terror in our hearts. We sat quietly for one moment while the impact of the message "found home" then rapidly packed up and returned to the city.

In the first month life went on as usual except that the newspapers were full of accounts of small islands being submerged and reports of the rapid rise of the water. The fighting in China continued and offices and stores kept their normal opening and closing times. The only change in the first month was in the work of the scientists. They calculated how long it would take the water to cover the earth completely and built time capsules. Those men who had spent years of their lives in developing the bomb were now writing books of easy instructions in reading and writing to be put into the capsules along with newspapers, books, on history, science and religion and many other subjects believed helpful for the next people who would evolve from the sea.

In the last month, shops and offices were abandoned for the cool clubs where ancient wines and liqueurs were being served in an attempt to enjoy them while there was still time. During that last month the newspapers were full of the names of places that had been covered by the water. In the last days the streets abounded with long-haired men sandwiched between large posters that beseeched the world to repent for the kingdom of God was at hand.

Not many people headed for the mountains but out of the few who had, I was the last. I went back to the chalet. The snow was all gone and the rivers flowing down the mountain side were now tormented bodies of brown water dragging broken trees and the bloated carcasses of animals down into the valley to join the steadily rising lake that was forming there.

I closed the door to the chalet as the water swirled around the front steps and took a black, leather-bound book from the shelf. I sat down by the empty fireplace and watched the brown foaming water creep under the door and to my feet. I prayed but the water rosed.

Louise Brand, 12B

ORGANIZATIONS





CHOIR

FRONT ROW: Jan Johnston, Joan Vaughan, Karen Sheldon, Dianne Boasie, Janet Johnson, Barbara Kelly, Catherine Ellis, Barbara Chomey, Lesley Gilbert, Mr. Allison (Director), Carol Hanson, Linda Milton, Janice Roberts (Accompanist), P't Stroud, Judy Mackie, Barbara Olive, Joyce Shannon, Valerie Wilson, Betty Ann Patterson.

SECOND ROW: Roberta Manson, Gwen Thomson, Helen Reynolds, Joan Cooney, Nora Langan, Joan Thomson, Andra Norberg, Jackie Sheldon, Judy Thompson, Jane Heath, Cathy Trew, Christine Coleman, Carolyne-Marie Mathison, Ann Parker, Jane Hopper, Karen Johnston, Nancy Grover, Betty Gilbert, Martina Schroer, Elaine Hawkins, Anne Donnegan, Wendy Lauder, Marlene Sowten, Barbara Hamm.

THIRD ROW: Mybriitt Norberg, Steen Klint, Stewart Kelland, Ralph Weiser, Ian Mang, Michael Clissold, Monty Edwards, Kevin Martin, David Warwood, Jim Christie, John Dorn, Derek Mang, Bruce George, Andy Thomas, Gary Zelinka, Ken Madison, Richard Zelinka, David Morse, Don Wereschuk, Larry Sanders, Margaret Reynolds.





JUNIOR BAND

FRONT ROW: Janice Ellis, Carol Hanson, Pat Stroud, Venessa Bernard, Gay Gennings, Jane Heath, Pan Dean.
 SECOND ROW: Brian Graves, Rick McCormick, Jackie Kryskow, Joan Thomson, Roberta Manson, Dile Hunter, Jan Gardiner, Corrine West, Andra Norberg, Mary Quail, Mary Lyn Manncrow, Janice Roberts, Nancy Grover, George Phillips, D. J. Parsons.
 BACK ROW: Barb Hamm, Linda Fumess, Mary Steel, Rex French, Ian Mang, Stephen Titchener, Steen Klint, Howard Rennie, Monty Edwards, Wendy Lauder, Ken Madison, David Kent.



ORCHESTRA

FIRST ROW: Kathleen Patterson, Brian Graves, Ian Mang, Debbie Darke, Mary Steel, Brigitte Brand, Wendy Lauder, Janice Roberts, Bill Bates, Diane Marshall, Betty-Jean Vaughan, Dave Morse.
 SECOND ROW: Steven Klint, Venessa Bernard, Jane Hopper, Ruth Hunter, Mary Jo Husby, Cathy Gillespie, Mary Lyn Mannerow, Karen Johnson, Martina Schroer, Margaret Reynolds, Pat Driffield, Betty Gilbert, Joyce Shannon, Mr. Parsons.
 ABSENT: Wayne Brooks, Louise Brand.



S.R.A.

FIRST ROW: Marion Schmidt, Valerie Brydon, Maureen Jackson, Janet Porter, Donna Burleigh, Don Jones, Paul Bradshaw, Harry Debis, Dave Fullerton, Peter Bowen.

SECOND ROW: Peter Harris, Chris Chernecki, Elizabeth Suzuki, Larry Duncan, John Redvers, Linda Lenehan, Pauline Smith, Gail Bodaly, Stewart Kelland, Bob Adams.

THIRD ROW: Larry Saunders, John McCallum, David Allan, Mary Bartlett, Holger Lohse, Steven Christie, Larry Jackson.





S.R.A. EXECUTIVE

FIRST ROW: John Wyman, Andy Whitely, Steve Burkholder.

SECOND ROW: Lisa Efimov, Jane Hopper, Betty Gilbert, Miss Richardson.



ADVERTISING AND PUBLICITY

FIRST ROW: Joan Cooney, Judy Thompson, Dawn Wallis, Betsy Louis, Sue Allen, Barbara Allen.

SECOND ROW: Phil Sheldon, Peter Hadley, Jim Christie, Daril Sphynx, Steve Burkholder.

THIRD ROW: Wendy Lauder, Ann Donnertman, Sandra Elliotte, Dale Hunter, Joanne Eschli, Marg McKillop.

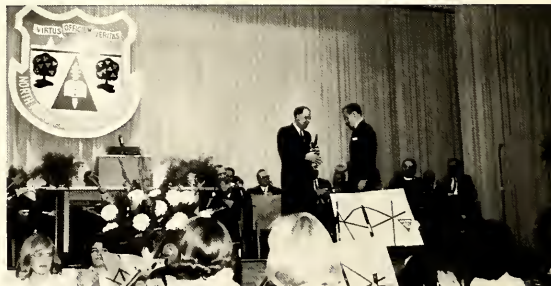


SOCIAL COMMITTEE

FIRST ROW: Judy Freeman, Laura Ramsay, Anne Dixon, Donna Skinner, Brenda York, Sue Allen, Marg Holstenholme, Kathy Jarvis, Louise Gordon, Lisa Efimov, Barbara Chomey, Pat Barron, Kathy Anderson, Vicki Owtrim, Pat Poulton, Colleen Keating, Mary Mitchell, Joyce Shannon, Joan Cooney, Pat Bowen.

SECOND ROW: Ann McArthur, Anne Donegan, Sharron Bowley, Anu Pentre, Cathy Taylor, Mary-Lee Quirt, Gail Bodaly, Donna Desrochers, Anne MacGregor, Joan Murray, Barb Allen, Norah Wilson, Carol Konefat, Joanne Eschli, Dale Hunter, Judy Thompson, Claire Marsden, Vanessa Grover, Pat Fagan, Pat Henry, Sandra Bowley, Carol Marsden, Miss Hopkins.

THIRD ROW: Collin Henderson, Gord Usher, Harley Leeder, Jim Chorney, Melvin Quirt, Graham MacFarlane, Peter Wiatska, Robin Bilton, Wayne Pelletier, Roy MacFarlane, David Snow, Steve Burkholder, Mike Adams, Bill Freeman, Ray Wanstall, Steve Gilbert, Pete Bongertman, Martin Jackson.





BIBLE CLUB

FIRST ROW: Cathy Gillespie, Anne Donagan, Janice Roberts, Hillary Clode, Carol Hansen.

SECOND ROW: Mr. Friar, Joan Gillespie, Nancy Chorney, Lisa Efimov, Jim Chorney.



LIBRARY CLUB

FRONT ROW: Jane Dams, Lorraine Falcioni, Denise Pacey, Cathy Taylor, Coleen Sadler, Judy Hachey, Andra Norberg, Joan Mallett, Ly Markus.

SECOND ROW: Helen Smith, Keitha Robinson, Judy Bailey, Kathy Anderson, Pauline Smith, Irene Nash, Mary Mitchell, Arleen Bambrick, Miss Blostein.

THIRD ROW: Eleanore Ross, Pat Barrow, Colleen Keating, Carolyn-Marie Mathison, Nick Shorten, Linda McCormick, Pat Suzuki, Louise Gordon, Kathy Jarvis.

ABSENT: Paulette Anderson, Sharon Mallard, Ann Parker, Susan Harris, Kathryn Culbert.



ART CLUB

FIRST ROW: Jeanette Worgan, Ruth Hunter, Joan Vaughan, Mary-Lee Quirt, Bill Freeman, Melvin Quirt, Lynn Brewer, Miss Main, Debbie Martin, Laura Ramsay, Wendy Kennedy.

SECOND ROW: Judy Freeman, Kathy Hachey, Vicki Owtrim, Jan Gott, Kathleen Lynch, Linda Walters, Judy Macky, Kathy Butt, Joy Burkholder, Mary Wolstenholme, Janet Cook, Susan Wollesen, Loma Wyndham, Karen Wollesen, Vicki Clare, Joanna Wilchek.

THIRD ROW: Ann Rentri, Donna Aspinall, Cail Bodaly, Marilyn Kawalcheck, Gary Toms, Allan Armstrong, Bruce Durling, Curt Nicholls, Philip Bradshaw, Richard Zelinka, Maurice Packer, Carol Simmonds, Colleen Saddler, Sharron Bowley, Beverly Sharp.



CHESS CLUB

FIRST ROW: George Philips, Paul Oster, Peter Wiatzka, Steve Klint, Nick Shorten, Jim Cubit, Steve Burkholder, Frank Louis, Dennis Ruston, Danny Gryschuck.

SECOND ROW: Larry Saunders, John Miller, Wayne Gibson, Mr. Holinski, Greg Arseneau, Steve Tutchiner, Mike Clissold, Brian McPhedran.



CURRENT AFFAIRS

FIRST ROW: Mr. Watson, Greg Clausen, Jane Hopper, Pat Fagan, Janice Taylor.

SECOND ROW: Ruth Hunter, Betty-Jean Vaughan, Laurel Bird, Carol Hanson, Karen Johnston, Andra Norberg, Sue Smith.

THIRD ROW: David Kent, Peter Wiatska, John Dixon, Steve Burkholder, Steve Gilbert.



THE SCIENCE CLUB

FIRST ROW: Paul Oster, Peter Weatzya, Nick Shorten, Marilyn Walters, Frank Louis, Alfred Harker.

SECOND ROW: John Miller, Wayne Gibson, John Wyman, Lindy Walters, Steve Titchener, Steve Burkholder, Mr. Holinski.

THIRD ROW: Stene Klint, David Allen, George Philips, Danny Gryschuck, John Feltmate.



WELFARE COMMITTEE

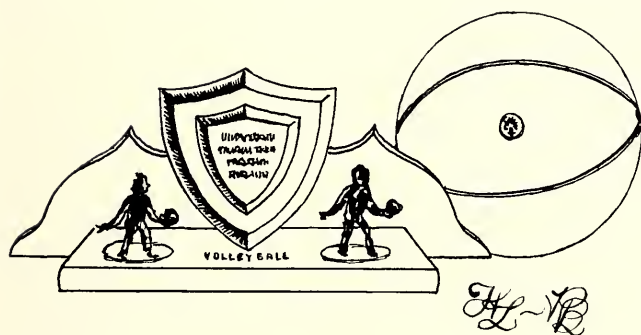
Mike Fellows, Ann Kearsley, Mr. Seles, Judy Thomson, Stephen Burkholder.
ABSENT: Louise Brand, Bob Middleton.



GREEK CLUB

FIRST ROW: John Dixon, David Kent, Andreas Schroer, Stewart Kelland, Rick Zelinka, Ray Leblanc, Mike Grunsky.
2ND ROW: Ruth Hunter, Ruth Wardley, Ly Markus, Chery Taylor, Mr. Seles.
3RD ROW: Marg Watters, Kathleen Patterson, Gail Bragg, Carol Hanson, Venesa Bernard, Bette-Jean Vaughan.

GIRLS SPORTS



GIRLS ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Pres:	Liz Horne
V. Pres:	Ly Markus
Secr:	Joyce Shannon
Treas:	Sandy Ayasse
Gr. 9 Rep:	Madeline Jones
Gr. 10 Rep:	Anne Parker
Gr. 11 Rep:	Laura Ramsay
Gr. 12 Rep:	Cheryl Kreviak
Gr. 13 Rep:	Kathy Henderson
Staff Adviser:	Miss DiValentin



FIRST ROW: Miss DiValentin, Joyce Shannon, Ly Markus, Liz Horne, Sandra Ayasse.
SECOND ROW: Laura Ramsay, Kathy Henderson, Madeline Jones, Cheryl Kreviak.

This year's Girls' Athletic Council is again offering a wide and varied program to all the girls in the school who are interested in athletics. One of the aims of the Council is to encourage participation in the intramural program and this aim was successfully carried out in the basketball tournament and it is hoped that the same participation and enthusiasm will be present in the volleyball tournament and the intramural track meet to be held in the spring. Besides the athletic aspects, the G.A.C. held a very successful hot dog sale in the fall with all proceeds going to the United Appeal. Future activities being planned are a Folk Dance Festival and an Athletic Banquet. Many thanks have to be extended to Miss DiValentin for her guidance and enthusiasm.



FIRST ROW: Vanessa Bernard, Mary Steel, Laura Ramsay, Lynda Watkins, Carolyn Konefat.

SECOND ROW: Miss DiValentin, Eleanor Ervin, Diana Frank, Roberta Manson, Paula Mifsud, Madeleine Jones, Corinne West.



FIRST ROW: Cheryl Kreviak, Liz Home, Sharon Nash, Pat Carroll, Carolyn Rule.

SECOND ROW: Barb Gough, Lynn Reeder, Kathy Henderson, Ly Markus.

ABSENT: Mrs. McConnell.



INTERSCHOOL BASKETBALL

This year as usual, North Albion entered two basketball teams in the Northern Division. Although neither team was successful in its bid to gain an Etobicoke Championship nevertheless the teams put forth their best efforts, displaying good sportsmanship, skill and determination in all games. Under the excellent coaching of Miss DiValentin, the Junior Team gained valuable experience and with this knowledge we can expect better things in the years to come! The Senior Team made a strong bid for the Northern Etobicoke Championship losing to Kipling in a very tightly fought game by the close score of 42-41. Many thanks are extended to Mrs. McConnell for her patience and inspiration! I feel that a special word of congratulations should be extended to both teams for their willingness to enter the league despite the fact that our gym was not available for practices due to the presence of the classrooms.



CHEERLEADERS



The cheerleaders, under the direction of Mrs. Eadie consist of, Chris Leigh, Linda Dowse, Debbie Darke, Loraine Wyatt, Jan Gott, Captain, Carol Brown, Janet Hefford, absent: Lorraine Goodison, Kathy Youngs.

The cheerleaders are chosen in late September and from then on there is little let-up until February. We begin with football season and very little practice. As the season progresses we gradually gain more confidence and with the lead of a responding crowd, start appearing as a more organized group. Immediately following football, comes basketball which I'm sure is everyone's favorite. We no longer have to cheer in the rain and cold but because we are in a more confined area, must perfect our jumps, cartwheels and other minor details. Between games (which we sometimes find out about a day or two before hand) practices are called two or three times a week. Here we argue, laugh and accomplish very little but resolve that the next time it will be different. During a game, we become so engrossed that we never know which cheer we're doing, who's calling it, or in what order we go, until we are being pushed onto the floor and are expected to be in perfect unison.

I have tried to very briefly sum up a whole year of cheerleading in one small paragraph. The rewards of this activity are higher than any other I know of. The feeling of satisfaction when our boys walk off the floor victorious and we know we had a small share in their winning. The chance to meet so many new people and other cheerleaders is just wonderful. There is the excitement and suspense of watching the game and really being a part of it. It's a hard recognition to earn, but once you have, you can proudly stand up and say, "I am a North Albion Cheerleader!"

In addition we would all like to extend our gratitude to Mrs. Eadie whose help and guidance was well appreciated.

THIS YEAR'S CHAMPS

For the past four years, North Albion has maintained a very good record in respect to girls' sports. Each year our teams have managed to secure an Etobicoke championship for the school and year four is no exception! This year our Junior Volleyball team, under the excellent direction of Mrs. McConnell succeeded in winning this title after defeating Scarlett Heights in the finals. During the regular season, the team started off on the right foot by defeating Thistletown and Kipling; however, they then lost two straight matches to Richview. After losing to Richview, they managed to come back and defeat all remaining opponents. This put them in a first place tie with Scarlett Heights and after a tie-breaking match, they emerged victorious taking the Northern Etobicoke Championship. From here they went on to the semi-finals where they defeated the defending champions, Silverthorn in two well fought and close scoring games. This win put them in the finals against Scarlett Heights and again our team showed tremendous team effort by overwhelming their opponents in two straight games.

Congratulations must be extended to the entire team for the success this season and also to Mrs. McConnell for her patient and inspiring coaching that made the success of this team possible.



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

FIRST ROW: Venessa Bernard, Corinne West, Lorna Gates, Judy Thompson, Mary Steels.
SECOND ROW: Eleanor Ervin, Laura Ramsay, Anu Pentre, Mary-Lee Quirt, Mary Lynn Mannerow, Madeline Jones, Roberta Manson.

SENIOR VOLLEYBALL



FIRST ROW: Norma Harker, Cheryl Kreviak, Miss DiValentin, Carolyn Rule, Lynn Baril.

SECOND ROW: Ly Markus, Carol Brown, Chris Leigh, Sandy Ayasse, Liz Horne, Janie Nessner, Pat Fagan.

This year, our Senior Team played against such schools as Kipling, Richview, Thistle town, and Scarlett Heights. They began the season well by defeating Thistle town, Richview and Scarlett Heights but they then lost two straight matches to Kipling and one to Richview. Unfortunately, this record wasn't good enough to earn a spot in the play-offs. Nevertheless, the team showed good sportsmanship and team spirit at all times which are just as important as winning. I'm sure the team has gained valuable experience and knowledge from all games and practices.

A vote of thanks is extended to Miss Di Valentin for her time and effort -- it was well appreciated by all members of the team.

GIRL'S INTRAMURAL SPORTS



BACK ROW: Andra Norberg, Pat Suzuki, Nancy Grover.
FRONT ROW: Chris Coleman, Ly Markus, Pat Fagan.

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

Due to lack of time and to a large number of participants, a double elimination tournament was run off. Tremendous enthusiasm and team spirit were shown by all teams. All in all the tournament ran very successfully. Congratulations to the winners of the tournament and also to Ly Markus, the curator.

INTRAMURAL VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT

The girls intramural volleyball tournament was a good example of school spirit. Throughout its duration, girls participating showed their enthusiasm and zeal by regular attendance and good sportsmanship. Cheryl Kreviak did an excellent job as curator making sure that the schedule ran smoothly. Congratulations to the winning team.



BACK ROW: Judy Thompson, Sharon Harrison, Helen Rey, Claire Marsden.
FRONT ROW: Joyce Shannon, Chris Leigh, Pat Suzuki.

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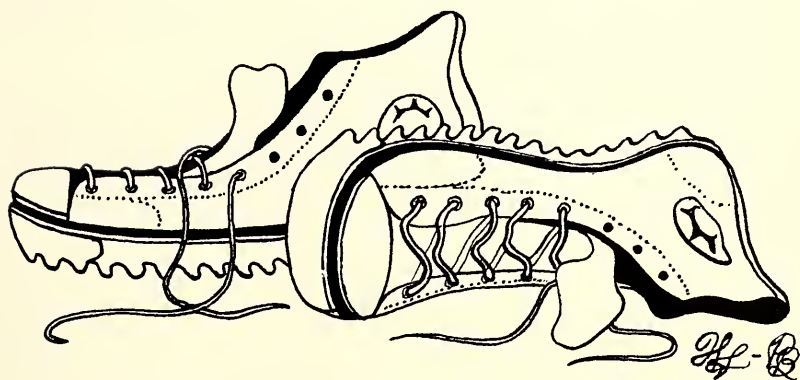
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BOYS SPORTS





B. A. C.

BACK ROW: Murray Hurst, Rod Rowlev, Fred Holman, Alex Ewing, Danny Konefat.
FRONT ROW: Don Munnings, Rick Smyth, Ross Mackillop, Mr. Housley.



SENIOR

Once again North Albion entered a football team in the Senior Northern Etobicoke Football League. The Seniors faced a very difficult season against some of the finest teams in Metro. Led by Pete Conway and Chester Jeremy, N.A.C.I., won two tough victories against Vincent Massey and witnessed two heart breaking defeats at the hands of Thistletown by only marginal points. Much credit must of course go to Mr. Hurley and Mr. Mackenzie for their fine work.



FIRST ROW: Wayne Butt, Larry Duncan, Keith Carrigan, Jack Stewart, Juergen Meisener, Murray Hurst, Terry Hurler, Danny Konefat, Tim Walters.
 SECOND ROW: Stewart Swanborough, Doug Adams, Matt Hammill, Bob Burman, Don Munnings, David College, Nigel Kean, Mr. Housely.
 THIRD ROW: Bill Bates, Rod Rowley, Fred Ruiter, Ian MacDuff, Ross MacKillop, John Miller, Bob McVey, Bob Millette.

JUNIOR

North Albion can be justly proud of its Junior Football Team this year. Coached by Mr. Housely, the Juniors, led by Don Munnings at Quarterback, Ross MacKillop at Half Back and Bob McVey at Offensive Tackle, opened their season with a confident 18-6 victory over Emery. Unfortunately, the Juniors ran into three very tough defensive teams in its following games. Although allowing only 11 1/3 points per game, N.A.C.I. lost to Scarlet Heights 18-12, Vincent Massey 9-6 and in a very tight game with Kipling 7-0. It was in this determined game hungry mood that the Juniors marched onto the field against Silverthorn. This was one of the very hardest fought games witnessed in the Northern Etobicoke League this year. With only minutes to go Silverthorn led by a single point 7-6. The valiant North Albion team produced drive after drive however to no avail and N.A.C.I. suffered its fourth defeat of the season. Congratulations are certainly in order for the Juniors, whose great team spirit never failed them throughout the entire season.

JUNIOR 'B'



As the final whistle sounded ending the game, we looked anxiously towards the scoreboard. There to our delight was the confirmation of N.A.C.I.'s crushing victory over a tough Thistletown squad. This was only one in a series of brilliant N.A.C.I. victories during the fall season. Led by offensive and defensive stalwarts such as Stuart Swanborough and John Hunt, North Albion's Junior 'B' team compiled many tough victories over Thistletown, Silverthorn and Vincent Massey. This was not a two man effort however and N.A.C.I.'s offensive and defensive teams were said to be among the finest in Metro. Much credit must go to Mr. Patterson and Mr. Fryer, since it was through their efforts that North Albion's Junior 'B' squad became the finest in Etobicoke.





FIRST ROW: Ray Faranes, Greg Humphreys, Richard Zelinka, Ralph Weiser, Allan Armstrong.
 SECOND ROW: Terry Redvers, mgr.; Dave Allen, Robert Thompson, Dale Best, Mark Bambrick, Niels Zunker,
 Steve Watson, Mr. P. Watson, Coach.
 ABSENT: Bill Robertson, Bob Pecora, Mike Ward.

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

This year's cross-country was very successful. North Albion won all of its exhibition matches, placed second in the Etobicoke meet and finished extremely well in the York University, Toronto and District and Ontario meets.

Steve Windham distinguished himself by placing first in all the above races, then going on to win the Eastern Canada competition. From here he journeyed to Vancouver for the National Finals and placed a very fine fourth.

Special thanks must go to Mr. Watson for his able and enthusiastic coaching of the finest cross-country team that North Albion has ever produced. This year's success should indeed provide a strong base for next year's team.





BACK ROW: Mike Ward, Dave Bigelow, Allan Steel, Ken Blogg, Mike Jeffcoat, Mr. Mackenzie.
FRONT ROW: Robin White, Phil McPhedrin, Dale Armstrong, Jim Poulton, Jim Neuman.

WRESTLING TEAM

The North Albion boys' wrestling team did extremely well this year. N.A.C.I. bettering last year's record, won four out of their matches against very tough opposition. The two finest matches were undoubtedly those against Burnhamthorpe and Etobicoke Collegiates in which the team made superb showings. Special mention should go to Jim Poulton who in the Etobicoke Championships placed second in his weight class. The boys in the wrestling team would like to thank Mr. MacKenzie for his valuable coaching assistance and hope for continual success in this activity in the future.



BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: Paul Conway, Rick Smythe, Pete Conway, Brian Smith, Nick Ruiter, Fred Holman.
FRONT ROW: Mr. Patterson, Gord Usher, Steve Wyndham, Harley Leeder, Bob George.

SENIOR

This season was to say the least, very exciting. Every secondary school in Etobicoke struggled for the Championship. However the big battle for top spot was between North Albion and Burnhamthorpe Collegiates. It was in one of the most thrilling games of the season that these two teams met. For 60 minutes of action each team cautiously defended their zones, not allowing the opposition any leeway. However thanks to the spectacular playing of Gord Usher and a fantastic Nick Ruiter shot, Albion won 27-25 in what was later termed the 'crazy' game of the season. This victory compiled victories over Silverthorn, Scarlett Heights, Etobicoke, Richview and Vincent Massey. Our most heralded triumph however was that over our arch-rival Thistletown which we have not beaten in regular season games for three years. After the victory over Burnhamthorpe North Albion had victory within its grasp, however for the lack of eight points suffered three straight setbacks against Royal York, Alderwood and Kipling ending the finest season in N.A.C.I. senior basketball history -- heartbreaking though it was. Mr. Patterson and his senior squad deserves a great deal of credit for their superb showing.

Etobicoke Senior Football League

Final Standings

Team	P	W	L	T	PTS.	Team	P	W	L	T	PTS.
Alderwood	10	9	1	0	18	Etobicoke	10	5	5	0	10
Kipling	10	8	2	0	16	Royal York	10	5	5	0	10
Richview	10	8	2	0	16	Vincent Mas.	10	3	7	0	6
North Albion	10	7	3	0	14	Scarlet Hei.	10	2	8	0	4
Burnhamthorpe	10	7	3	0	14	Thistletown	10	1	9	0	2
						Silverthorn	10	0	10	0	0



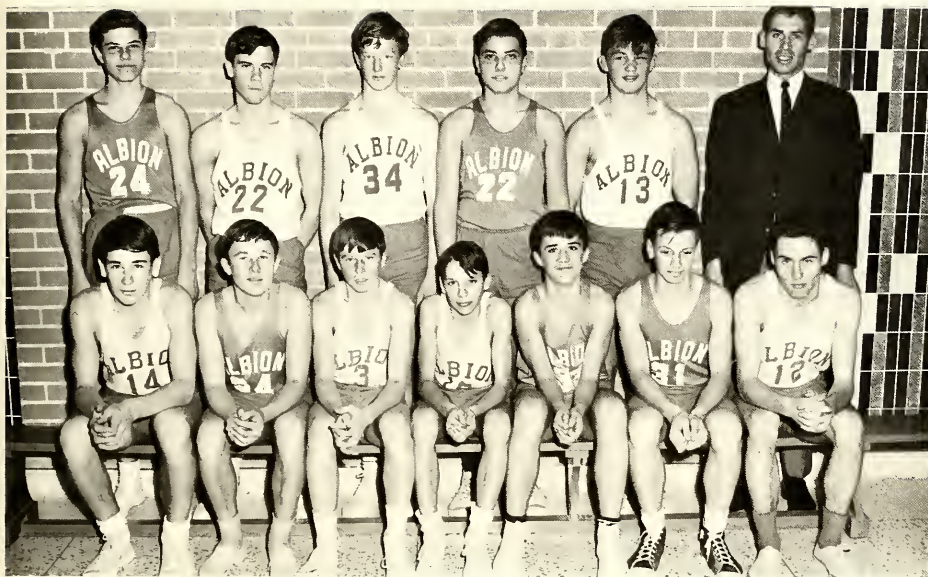
JUNIOR

BACK ROW: Martin Jackson, Rod Rowley, Don Munnings, Doug Adams, Fred Ruiter, Ross McKillop.
FRONT ROW: Danny Donefat, Steve Burkholder, Mr. Housley, Bob Middleton, Terry Redvers.



MIDGET

BACK ROW: Mr. Norman, Stuart Swanborough, Juergen Meissner, Geoff Ayton.
FRONT ROW: Steve McPhail, John Redvers, Terry Elliot, Peter Hadley.



BANTAM

BACK ROW: Danny Gryschuk, Dave Buck, Rusty Smith, Carl Gryschuk, Mike Zuk, Mr. West.

FRONT ROW: Craig Ramsey, Robert Thompson, Wayne Butt, Steve Leigh, Rodney Bird, Jack McAulay, Jack Groat.

JUNIOR

Whoops . . . ! -- it happened again, for the second year in succession North Albion, having won every regular season game but one, lost in the finals by only a few points. Apart from this disheartening loss, however, the North Albion squad compiled an excellent record of nine victories. Coached by Mr. Housley, the Juniors defeated Thistle-town, Richview, Royal York, Alderwood, Silverthorn, Scarlett Heights and Etobicoke, losing only to Burnhamthorpe by a close 42-41 score. Perhaps the most exciting game of the season was against Kipling. With only 15 seconds remaining on the clock the scoreboard read Kipling 30, North Albion 28. Martin Jackson coolly sank an outside shot to tie the game and force it into overtime. Kipling was no match for N.A.C.I. in the overtime period and suffered a 35-30 defeat ending the regular season for North Albion on a thrilling, but confident note. Congratulations.

MIDGETS

Winning their first game of the season the North Albion Midgets never looked back, compiling victories over Richview, Thistle-town, Bramalea, Forest Hill and others. In the Midget Tournament North Albion captured the championship with a resounding victory over Burmanthorpe in the finals 35 to 14. Congratulations to the midgets and their coach Mr. Norman on a great season.



Scenes

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Boys



The editor would like to express his thanks to Bob Middleton, Richard Zelinka, Robin White and Jack McAulay for their helpful assistance and contributions to the Sports Section of the CaNACTian.



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